

the DHS funding issue, and while that is occurring, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate stand in recess subject to the call of the Chair.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 2:10 p.m., recessed subject to the call of the Chair and reassembled at 8:19 p.m. when called to order by the Presiding Officer (Mrs. CAPITO).

MORNING BUSINESS

IMMIGRATION POLICY MEMORANDA ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY

Mr. MCCONNELL. Madam President, the actions the Senate took today to fund the Department of Homeland Security should not be construed to accept, endorse, affirm or acquiesce in the memoranda issued by the Department related to immigration policy. A majority of the Senate has voted repeatedly over the last few weeks to advance legislation that would, if enacted, prohibit the Department from implementing the policies reflected in those memoranda. I and my colleagues in the majority who voted to fund the Department today did so to avoid a shutdown of its operations, many of which are necessary to safeguard our Nation. In voting to fund the Department, we were also mindful of the fact that the policies and directives that are embodied in these memoranda, and to which we object, are the subject of a preliminary injunction issued by the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Texas, which is preventing the Department from implementing them.

TRIBUTE TO ARLENE AND ALAN ALDA

Mr. LEAHY. Madam President, Marcelle and I met Arlene and Alan Alda on a trip with Senator Lloyd Bentsen. We had dinner together but I had a chance to talk to Alan Alda about our mutual Italian heritage. Later I told my Italian-American mother how nice a couple they were. She said, basically, what would I expect? With an Italian background, they would have to be nice.

The New York Times recently ran an article about this remarkable couple, focusing on her prolific writing, and his acting and writing, but especially their ability to maintain a wonderful marriage and a sense of life. I wanted to make sure my fellow Senators and anybody else who reads the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD would read this profile. I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD the article from the New York Times entitled "There's Always Room for Rum Cake."

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New York Times, Feb. 13, 2015]

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR RUM CAKE

(By Lois Smith Brady)

Arlene Alda, 81, and her husband, the actor Alan Alda, 79, say that one secret to a long-lasting marriage (theirs has been going for almost 58 years) is forgetfulness, which comes naturally to them at this point.

The Aldas, who discussed their decades together by telephone, with Ms. Alda also weighing in later by email, haven't had a serious argument for the last 20 years, she said, primarily because they can no longer remember for very long whether they are angry with each other or why.

"I have a short memory, and so does he," Ms. Alda said. "Was that always true? I don't recall."

Both emanate warmth and thoughtfulness in the way of beloved English professors or concerned therapists. Mr. Alda, whose career in television and theater has been as remarkably durable as his marriage, and Ms. Alda, a writer and photographer, possess laughs that are like old jeans: comfortable and well used.

Ms. Alda said that laughter is "the real glue that keeps us happily and willingly stuck together." They are definitely not the kind of couple who sit silently across the table from each other. "We're both loud laughers," she said. "Guffawing ones."

He said: "I have a very highfalutin notion about laughter. I think when you laugh you make yourself momentarily vulnerable. Your defenses are not up, and if you can stay in a playful mood, where you are susceptible to laughter, your chances of being antagonistic with each other are lower."

In general, they do not seem to act their ages. She described a recent afternoon: "I have a blurb to write for someone's book. I have soup I want to cook. I have a good chicken I want to roast. I have a book I'm reading that I want to finish. I have email correspondence. I have Facebook posts."

Her 19th book, "Just Kids From the Bronx," a collection of vignettes about 65 noteworthy people who grew up in rough Bronx neighborhoods and escaped in their own idiosyncratic ways, is to be published next month.

Ms. Alda, who grew up in the Bronx herself and is a Hunter College graduate, met Mr. Alda in 1956 while he was attending Fordham University. They connected at a dinner party on the Upper West Side when a rum cake accidentally fell onto the kitchen floor and they were the only two guests who did not hesitate to eat it.

"He was a kindred spirit who was also funny, so there was this great chemistry," she said. "It sure was fun and delightful to be with him that night. Boys from Manhattan didn't date girls from the Bronx. That was a given. It was too long of a trip. He took me home to the Bronx. Unheard of."

Eleven months later, they were married in a modest ceremony (18 guests watched) that reflected their humble goals at the time. They mainly wanted to be able to pay the rent and not suffer as their parents had.

"There was a lot of unhappiness in my parents' marriage partly because my mother was psychotic," Mr. Alda said. "We were already ahead of the game in that neither of us were seriously mentally ill."

Her parents had struggled financially and had no time for luxuries like dinner parties or showing affection for each other. "I wanted something different," she said. "I wanted something without stress."

So they filled their marriage with affection, music, dinner parties with artists and actors and celebrations of every paycheck.

"The first job I got was with a traveling children's company where we had to lug our

own scenery," Mr. Alda said. "I got \$10 a performance, and we were so glad, we went out to get pizza to celebrate." To this day, whenever he gets a new acting job, they celebrate by sharing a pizza.

Early on, they lived in Cleveland, where Eve, their first child, was born. He often read poetry and short stories aloud in the evenings. "I'd be stirring a pot of soup, and the baby would be sleeping, and he'd be reading to me," Ms. Alda said. "It was a warmth that's hard to describe."

They eventually had two more daughters, moved to Leonia, N.J., and discovered they had very different parenting styles. "I was the drill sergeant, and he liked to play with the kids," she said. "These were disagreements we had to work out. How important is it for the kids to go to bed on time?"

She added, "We would talk a lot and talk angrily. When you look back, you think, 'Why did I have to be angry?'"

From 1972 to 1983, Mr. Alda commuted from New Jersey to Los Angeles to play the part of Dr. Hawkeye Pierce in the iconic television series "M*A*S*H." Ms. Alda suddenly found herself juggling raising their girls with trying to spend time with a husband who was increasingly busy, famous and out of town.

"I was not a good juggler," she said. "It all took energy, and I found that I had spurts of energy. Not sustained at all."

Not wanting to become "just an audience" for her husband, Ms. Alda worked harder on her own photography and writing projects. "I had my own drive," she said. "One challenge of marriage is how to keep your sense of self yet be able to meld and blend with the other person." She said that being married to a celebrity "diminishes you, unless you feel really secure in yourself."

"I like basking in someone else's glow," she said, "but not as a daily diet."

Today, they live in an Upper West Side apartment and are practically inseparable. On Facebook, she mentions Mr. Alda in almost every post, and they seem to be always headed out to a concert, play, lecture or reading. They even work on their separate writing projects together.

Mr. Alda, who has written two memoirs, writes in the living room, while Ms. Alda works in the study. They keep all the doors open so they can talk back and forth, bounce ideas off each other or call out when it's time to break for a meal.

"Most likely one of us will die first," she said. "I can't even contemplate what that might be for either of us. Meanwhile, we're doing what we should be doing. Living."

Like many of the people profiled in "Just Kids From the Bronx," Ms. Alda believes that success in life—and in marriage—is mostly a matter of luck. "Luck is in neon lights," she said, adding that there is no way a couple can predict their future on their wedding day.

Both Aldas said it was especially lucky that they have never grown bored of each other and that they didn't remain penniless forever. "I really do believe that scraping by can damage a person and can damage a relationship," he said. "We have a lot of advantages. We know how lucky we are. I don't think anybody can tell you how happy we'd be if we were still scraping by."

They have a house in the Hamptons and drink really good wine, but otherwise they don't live particularly large. Both dress in the comfortable baggy clothes of struggling writers and have remained frugal and reluctant to waste anything.

"That's never changed," she said. "We are definitely still those two people who would eat the cake off the floor."

VOTE EXPLANATION

● Mrs. BOXER. Madam President, because I was helping a family member